The Round-Up

A Romance of Arizona

Novelized From Edmund Day's Melodrama

By JOHN MURRAY and MILLS MILLER

Stubbornly Jack pursued his message to Dick. "She doesn't love me. I thought I had won her, but she married me with your image in her heart. She married me, yet all the while you were the man she loved—you—you—and in the end I found it out."

Jack's voice sank almost into a whisper as he finished his revelation to Dick, who raised his head and cried, "And yet she broke her faith with me"—

Jack arose in his misery. His task was harder than he expected. Dick was forcing him to tell all without concealing even the smallest trifle of his shame.

"She thought—you were dead. I never told her otherwise. I lied to her—I lied to her."

"She never knew?" asked Dick joyfully. "The letter"—

"I never gave it to her," answered Jack simply.

Dick leaped to his feet, pulling his revolver from his holster. "And I thought her false to her trust!" He aimed his gun at Payson's heart. "I ought to kill you for this!"

Jack spread out his arms and calmly replied, "I'm ready."

Dick dropped his gun and slipped it into the holster, with a gesture of despair. "But it's too late now—too late!"

In his eagerness to tell Dick the way he had solved the problem Jack spoke nervously and quickly. "No, it isn't too late. There's one way out of this—one way in which I can atone for the wrong I've done you both, and I stand ready to make that atonement. It is your right to kill me, but it is better that you go back to her without my blood on your hands."

"Go—back—to her?" questioned Dick as the meaning of the phrase slowly dawned upon him.

"Yes," said Jack, holding out his hands. "Go back with clean hands to Echo Allen. It is you she loves. There's my horse up yonder. Beyond there's the pack mule loaded with water and grub—plenty of water. We'll just change places, that's all. You take them and go back to her, and I'll stay here."

Dick walked toward the spring, but a spell of weakness came over him, and he almost sank to the ground. Jack caught him and held him up.

"It would be justice," muttered Dick, as if apologizing for his acceptance of Jack's renunciation.

Leaning over his shoulder, Jack said: "Sure, that's it, justice. Just tell her I tried to work it out according to my lights. Ask her to—forgive—to forgive, that's all."

Jack took off his canteen and threw the strap about Dick's neck. As Lane weakly staggered toward the mouth of the canyon, where the horse had been staked out, Jack halted him with a request:

"There's another thing. I left home under a cloud. Buck McKee charged me with holding up and killing 'Ole Man' Terrill for $3,000. Tell Slim Hoover how you paid me just that sum of money."

"I will, and I'll fix the murder where it belongs and then fix the real murderer."

Jack stepped to Lane's side and,

"I ought to kill you for this!"

holding out his hand, said: "Thank you. I don't allow you can forgive me?"

"I don't know that I could," coldly answered Dick.

"You'd better be going."

Again Dick started for the horse, but a new thought came to him. Pausing, he said, "She can't marry again until"—

"Well?" asked Jack. His voice was full of sinister meaning, and he fingered his gun as he spoke.

Dick realized at once that Jack's plan was to end his life in the desert with a revolver shot.

"You mean to"— He shuddered.

Jack drew his gun. "Do you want me to do it here and now?" he cried.

Staggering over to him, the weakened man grappled with his old friend, trying to disarm him. "No, no! You shan't!" he shouted as Jack shook him free.

"Why not?" demanded Jack. "Go! There's my horse—he's yours—go! When you get to the head of the canyon you'll hear and know—know that she is free and I have made atonement."

Dick slowly moved toward the mouth of the canyon, still hesitating.

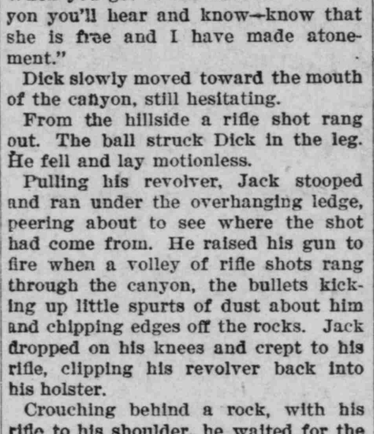
From the hillside a rifle shot rang out. The ball struck Dick in the leg. He fell and lay motionless.

Pulling his revolver, Jack stooped and ran under the overhanging ledge, peering about to see where the shot had come from. He raised his gun to fire when a volley of rifle shots rang through the canyon, the bullets kicking up little spurts of dust about him and chipping edges off the rocks. Jack dropped on his knees and crept to his rifle, clipping his revolver back into his holster.

Crouching behind a rock, with his rifle to his shoulder, he waited for the attackers to show themselves.

Experience on the plains taught them that the fight would be a slow one unless the Apaches sought only to divert attention for the time being to cover their flight southward. After the one shot which struck Dick and the volley directed at Jack not a rifle had been fired. Peering over the bowlder, Jack could see nothing.

Dick had fallen near the spring. He struggled back to consciousness to find his left leg numb and useless. When the ball struck him he felt only a sharp pinch. His fainting was caused by a shock to his weakened body, but not from fear or pain. With the return to his senses came a horrible, burning thirst and a horrible sinking



Crouching behind a rock, rifle to shoulder.

sensation in the pit of his stomach. He lay breathing heavily until he got a grip on himself. Then he tore the bandanna handkerchief from his neck and bound up the wound, winding the bandage as tightly as his strength permitted to check the blood flow.

"What is it?" asked Jack over his shoulder.

"Indians. The Apaches are out. I'm hit!" gasped Dick. He crawled painfully and slowly to Jack's side, dragging his leg after him. He pulled with him his rifle, which he picked up as he passed from the spot where it had fallen in his first wild rush for water.

"The soldiers told me at Fort Grant about the Apaches being out," Jack whispered hoarsely. "I thought they'd cross the border into Mexico."

Seeing a spasm of pain over Dick's face, he asked, "Are you hurt bad?"

"I don't know. My left leg is numb."

Both men spoke scarcely above a whisper, fearing to betray their positions by the sound of their voices. Dick lay on his back, gathering strength to ward off with rifle and revolver the rush which would come sooner or later.

Jack caught the sound of a falling stone. Peering cautiously over the rock, he saw an Indian creeping up a draw toward them. Throwing his rifle to his shoulder, he took quick aim and fired. The Apache jumped to his feet, ran a few steps forward and fell sprawling. A convulsive shudder shook him, and he lay still.

"I got him!" cried Jack exultantly as he saw the result of the shot.

But the exposure of his head and shoulders above their barricade had drawn forth more shots from other members of the band.

The bullets struck near the two men, showing that the Apaches had the range.

Dick's wound was bleeding freely, but the shock of the blow had passed away, and his strength returned. Drawing his revolver, he crept closer to Jack, crying, "I can shoot some!"

"I reckon you haven't more than a flesh wound," encouraged Jack. "Can you crawl to the horse?"

"I think I can," answered Dick.

"Then go. Take the trail home. I'll keep these fellows busy while you get away."

(To be Continued.)

OUR FIRST MUSTANGS.

They Were Probably Brought to This Country by the Spaniards.

The first horses of the western plains were probably brought there by the Spaniards. In 1545, almost fifty years before Jamestown was settled, Coronado, the Spanish captain, was roaming about the plains of New Mexico, and he tells of the dogs used by the Indians to haul their plunder on lodge poles, indicating that they had no horses at that date.

In 1716 the Spanish again worked their way eastward across the plains, and their letters tell of the astonishment of the Indians at seeing the horses they had with them. The expedition was constantly losing horses, and there is little doubt that the first droves of western horses originated from these strays.

In the early days upon the plains they were a great pest to travelers. Woe be unto the luckless camper who allowed a band of wild horses to get close enough to his gentle horses turned out for the night, to sweep them off. It was almost useless to follow, for the call of the wild comes to the gentlest of horses when he is thrown with a band of his kind that have been born and raised free of all restraint. It is a well known fact that the hardest one to "cut out," the leader of them all in a mad race across the prairie, is the old, gentle, well broken saddle or work horse once he gets a taste of such freedom.—Will C. Barnes in McClure's.

PAPUAN COIFFURES.

Heads In New Guinea That Look Like Rising Suns.

"One of the most interesting things that came under my observation was the odd manner in which the people wore their hair," said a physician, describing a visit to New Guinea and the leading traits and characteristics of the inhabitants, known as Papuans. "One type wore the hair standing up from the head at a length of seven inches or more. It was trimmed with wonderful regularity and with mathematical accuracy. The hair was greased with cocoanut oil and painted red. At a distance it looked like a rising sun."

Another type of the inhabitants who wear their hair in an unusual fashion was described.

"Starting from the forehead," he said, "the hair is brushed back over the scalp and hangs down to the waist. It is a perfect mass, an intricate jungle. I am sure it was never combed, and it was impossible to run the fingers through it. At a distance it looks like a cap with the visor turned downward.

"One other odd type of hairdressing—coiffure, if you will—was observed on this visit. The hair was gathered at the front and back, then brought together above the head, where it was inclosed in a basket-like cylinder. The end spread out about two inches. Apparently these caps are never removed from the head."—Baltimore Sun.

Playing Greenhorn.

"Why did you tell the manager of that employment agency that you had just come over?" said one servant girl to another. "You didn't, you know. You have had three situations in New York."

"I know that," said the girl. "I pretended to be green so she would try harder to get me a good place. At most of these agencies the managers have green girls on their conscience. The sharks in the business, of course, will fleece them, but the average manager is sympathetic and gets them easy places to start with. I'll have a snap where I am going. The woman thinks I have just arrived and that she will have to break me in. Breaking in means that she will do half the work, while I will just stand around and look on. It pays sometimes to be a greenhorn."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Would Take Chances.

Mr. Philanthropist was passing a bakery when he observed a little girl gazing with longing eyes at some cakes displayed in the window. The youngster's wistful gaze was too much for Mr. Philanthropist, so he took immediate measures to satisfy her longing.

When she had in short order disposed of a rich bit of pastry she calmly asked for another.

"I should like very much to give you another," said the kindly man, "but I'm afraid it would make you sick."

"Get it for me anyhow," quickly responded the little girl. "I can git all the med'cine I need at the dispensary fer nuthin'."—New York Herald.

A Dangerous Place.

The two tramps had been particularly lucky, and, having funds in hand, they discussed plans for the night's shelter. "We can sleep under a roof if we like," said Wiggins.

"Sure we can," responded Higgins, "but some way these lodging houses make me nervous. Supposing a fire was to break out in the night?"

"You've got it right," agreed Wiggins dolefully. "It's no place for us. They'd turn the hose on us in a minute!"—Youth's Companion.

Scorched.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—What in the world is the matter with this shirt? Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Oh, I guess the girl boiled it a little too long, dear; that's all. Mr. Crimsonbeak—Looks to me as if she had fried it.—Yonkers Statesman.

Lacking Warmth.

"The critics all say that my pictures lack warmth."

"Do you work in oils?"

"Yes."

"Then why not paint in a few oil stoves?"—New York Times.

THE SHIPWRECKER.

His Life Made Up of Hardships, Adventures and Accidents.

The career of the shipwrecker consists of a series of hardships and adventures and accidents and narrow escapes from the first day he enlists with a big wrecking company up to the time he is brought ashore from the grim ship he calls "home" crippled or fatally injured. Of all the professions that demand heavy toll of human life none, not even mining or powder making, is as dangerous as the one of these wreckers. Every year these daring men, who brave storm and wave and tempest to save the stranded liner, to raise the sunken ocean greyhound, to rescue the ship impaled upon rocks and, if nothing else, to salve what valuable cargo may be removed from helpless wrecks, meet death by the score. Many of them, exposed often for days and nights to the icy blasts of winter seas, to driving blizzards and to drenching storms that bite to the marrow, succumb to pneumonia. Others at work on the pitching, tossing barges have legs or arms shattered during the risky operations of removing masts or of slinging wrecking pumps or other castings that weigh tons. Others have hands or feet so dreadfully frozen that these must be amputated, and still others are wiped out of existence after suffering hours of untold agony and exposure before the eyes of their helpless comrades.—Appleton's Magazine.

HICCOUGHS.

A Simple Treatment by Which They May Be Cured.

Did you ever take nine swallows of water to cure the hiccoughs? Do you remember the time some one scared the hiccoughs away by telling you of a whipping due for some meanness?

Well, science has been studying hiccoughs and caught the hiccoughs by the "nape of the neck." The nine swallows of water had a little science in it, and so did the scare cure. The scientific hiccough cure consists in pressing down to numbness the nerve that connects the stomach, heart, lungs and brain, the pneumogastric nerve. The pressure partially and locally paralyzes this nerve and of necessity the hiccoughing must cease.

Have the hiccoughing patient sit down and be at ease, with the muscles of the neck relaxed as much as possible. Grasp both sides of the neck somewhat toward the back part and press down steadily and as hard as the subject may permit for about one minute, having the patient work the head from side to side. Within about one minute the nerve will be numbed and rested, and the spasmodic motion will cease. It may require longer pressure in some cases, but the result is sure if patience is maintained.—Ohio State Journal.

A Thirteenth Century Drink.

Thirteenth century tastes in food had few limitations. Besides the "fowl of Africa and the rare gadwit of Ionia" mentioned by Fitzstephen, gourmets in the time of King John used to regale themselves on herons, cranes, crows, storks, cormorants and bitterns. Some would wash their meals down with wine, but the majority drank mead or metheglin. Mead, according to Holinshed, was only the washing of the combs after the honey had been taken from them and so poor a beverage that it had to be spiced, peppered or made palatable with sweetbrier or thyme. But metheglin contained one hundredweight of honey to twenty-four gallons of water and must have been much more intoxicating than the strongest old ale of the present day.—London Chronicle.

Calling the Deaf.

"To waken a deaf person who wishes to be called at a certain time in the morning is about the hardest proposition a hotel clerk runs up against," said a member of that fraternity. "To ring the telephone is useless, because the man can't hear. Knocking, for the same reason, is futile. Now and then a guest who has lost his hearing suggests that he leave his door open so we can walk right in and shake him, but even if he does appear to be dead game there are so many chances of somebody less guileless than ourselves walking in ahead of us that we can't consent to that simple expedient. It seems to me the man who can patent a device for waking the deaf is sure of fame and fortune, not to mention the gratitude of the brotherhood of hotel clerks."—Exchange.

To Save the Tablecloth.

Nothing is more provoking to the careful housewife than to have a perfectly clean tablecloth liberally bespattered with gravy the first time it is used. Get a large table napkin—one to match the tablecloth if possible—and a piece of white oilcloth cut an inch shorter and an inch narrower than the napkin. Place the oilcloth where the meat dish will stand and spread the napkin over it. The gravy cannot penetrate through the oilcloth. Thus there is a considerable saving in the washing bill.

How It Looked.

"I think you ought to turn the lights up a little when your beau comes," said the boy who is beginning to use big words to his older sister. "I wouldn't sit in the dim light if I were you. It looks too conspicuous."—New York Press.

The Real Reason.

"Why don't you go down Mill street?"

"Well, you see, on one side of it lives my tailor and on the other side my shoemaker, while a canal runs through the middle."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

The Lady Was Not the Ghost.

An Irish family once had a ghost so troublesome that they sent for detectives. One of these men late at night fell asleep in his chair. The lady of the house chanced to come into the room and could not resist the temptation to groan and rattle her keys. She had never played ghost before. It was momentary indiscretion. But the policeman did not and could hardly be expected to believe this. He said it was hardly worth while to bring him from Dublin, and he withdrew in dudgeon. Yet the lady was not really the ghost. He was sulking in retirement: hence doubt has been cast on the ghosts of haunted houses even among reflecting minds.—London News.

Civil Service In England and America.

The difference between the civil service examination in England and in America is important and to the advantage of the English. In the United States the object is almost entirely to discover the immediate fitness of the candidates for the work they are expected to do. In England the object in most cases is to measure what their ability to do the work will be after they have learned it.—From "The Government of England," by A. Lawrence Lowell.

Bliss.

"What sort of time do you expect to have during the social season?"

"Fine," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Mother and the girls will be so busy thinking about their clothes that they won't have time to notice my grammar."—Washington Star.

The Other Side.

"I've been wondering about something."

"About what?"

"I wonder if cooks ever get together and discuss the missus problem."—Kansas City Journal.

Virtue has many preachers, but few martyrs.—Helvetius.

Only Needed a Start.

One night little Margaret, on kneeling by her mamma to say her prayers, finished: "Now I lay me," and forgot. "Mamma," she said, "you just start me and then I can go a-whizzing."—Delineator.